



TRUE TO THE LAST.

A man said unto his angel:
"My spirit is fallen through,
And I cannot carry this battle;
Oh, brother, what shall I do?"

"The terrible things are on me
With spears that are deadly bright
Against me so from the cradle
De fate and my fathers fight!"

Then said to the man his angel:
"Thou waverest, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole?"

"Adjudged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see;
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The wise shall interpret thee."

"Thy will is the very, the only,
The solemn event of things;
Be waisted of hours of thy life,
Is stronger than all these kings."

"Though out of the path they gather,
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is to the other twin."

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And riddled Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him,
Of thee and thy beauteous sisters."

"What hands never have armed them
Toward victory still to ride,
A meaning left to the rebel,
A use to the regicide."

"So bitter and large a meaning,
A vehement use so true,
One steady intent to scorn them,
Doth scorn them and slay them too!"

"While kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
The part is with broken sabers
To rise on the last redoubt."

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, drives against the wall!"

—Louise Imogen Guiney in Boston Pilot.

A WICKLOW STORY.

Many years ago two beings dwelt in the valley of Glendalough—i. e., the valley of the two lakes. One was in his sixteenth summer. The other had scarcely seen her thirteenth spring. They were the children of two well-to-do peasants, neighbors in that peaceful valley, and their young lives had hitherto passed away as dreamily as the sound of the water-fall beside their doors. They were ever together. Their parents looked on their intimacy and wondered out into the fields to gather flowers, threading the many pathways of the woods, or scaling, like young mountain chamois, the glacial cliffs around, they became more woven into each other's being until, even in their early youth, they were like two tentacles—intertwined with each other.

One morning in the latter part of autumn they met at the old spring under the hillside, and set out to gather wild flowers for the coming festival—for the valley in those days was not so sparse of vegetation as it is today. The day was bright with autumn glory. All down the valley and high up over the blue face of heaven was a glow like that which prophets tell us hangs over the golden landscape of paradise. Leaf, tree and lake were steeped in effulgence, while the wind murmured low and tremulously.

"Let us go to Lagnaquilla," said Joseph. "For there are the choicest flowers, and the day is so beautiful we can go and return before nightfall."

Lagnaquilla is the highest mountain in Wicklow. Agnes hesitated a moment, and then said, "We shall lose sight of the mountain as soon as we enter the woods, but I know the way, let us go!" and hand in hand they wandered their way. So full of thoughtless happiness were they that they had wandered from flower to flower until the sun was at the noon, without remembering that they ought long since to have been at the mountain of Lagnaquilla. At once, however, in the midst of their mirth, this reflection came across them like a dark shadow on the bosom of some sunny lake.

They paused involuntarily, and Agnes, gazing up into Joseph's face with a look of mingled inquiry and alarm, said, "Joseph, where are we, and where is the mountain of Lagnaquilla?"

"I surely don't know the way," answered the boy, "and this seems like and yet unlike it. Ah! here is the road—no, it cannot be"—and he paused, bewildered.

"We are not lost, are we, Joseph?" said the maiden in trembling tones, drawing closer to her companion's side.

"Surely, we are not lost on the mountain! Oh, no!" answered the boy, cheering his companion, though his heart echoed back his words. "I have only missed the way a little and will soon find it again. Rest awhile, Agnes, while I climb this tree to look out for the bluff brow of the Lagnaquilla."

But, alas! it was nowhere to be seen. With alarm he beheld nothing on every hand around, but rugged hills—and here and there a valley opened out before him, but it was strange to the boy's eye, and there was no familiar feature in all that wild landscape.

It was a long story to relate how these two young beings wandered on from high noon until almost twilight, threading tangled footpaths, crossing mountain streams and scaling the rugged precipices crossing their path, in the vain hope of reaching the valley from which they had set out. Joseph never desponded, and if Agnes burst into tears at new disappointments, he would cheer her with new hopes, until she grew ashamed to weep and smiled again as sweetly as ever. Mile after mile was thus left behind, yet they saw no signs around them of human life. All was wild, solitary, sublime. As night drew on the hearts of Joseph began to despond, though he still strove to encourage his companion.

"Oh, Joseph, it is not fear," she said tearfully, "that I feel, for you are not near me! But it is that my mother and yours, too, Joseph, will think all night that we are dead."

Whittier's ballad, "Telling the Bees," was suggested by the remarkable storm brought from the old country and for many years prevailing in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family the bees were at once informed of the fact, and their lives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be intended to prevent the swarms from leaving their hive and seeking a new home.

A Good Lesson.

Mistress—Why, Rickie, it is not shameful that it has taken you an hour to fetch half a pound of coffee from the grocer?

Servant—Please, Ma'am, I have brought a whole pound!—Nevera Witte.

A Hint to Mothers.

A colored man who was hunting a horse to move into was asked if he paid his rent to his former landlord.

"Yes, sah," he said rather hesitatingly.

"Can't you give a recommendation?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I can get Mr. Smith, my landlord, to give me a recommendation."

"How do you know you can?"

"Oh, I know Ma'am, 'cause he wants me to get out."—Kansas City.

Vigorous Kissing.

Mother—Bobby, come right up stairs this instant and change your shoes and stockings.

Bobby—They ain't wet.

Mother—I never heard of shoes getting wet from the rain.

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